

NUMBER THREE • ADULTS ONLY • \$7.00

28-
Sean Harper's

BONDAGE APARTMENT

**FIVE WANTON WOMEN
WHO CRAVE UTTER
HELPLESSNESS.....**



**Our Cover Girl, Maria Tortuga, Tells Us How She Feels
About Bondage and Being Bound • Andrea Canelli Just Can't
Get Enough! • The Ropes That Rub Her The Right Way
• Never Before Seen Models • New Fiction and
True-To-Life Bondage Stories**





I promised Maria one more cover appearance if she would sit down and write out her thoughts on sensual bondage. She classifies as an authority (or at least as someone worth listening to) for a couple of reasons: first and foremost, she has a lover who introduced her to and has converted her into an avid practitioner of bondage for sexual pleasure. Second, her considerable experience as a commercial bondage model (with Harmony and several other companies) has put her in touch with the feelings of the rest of the bondage community (that's you and me...). The problem was to get her to sit down and spend a little time really analyzing her thoughts, but once I had her gagged and fastened tightly to the chair (one arm, of course, free to write), she couldn't very well concentrate on anything else. She writes:

"You know, the thing I wonder about the most when I look at the magazines you send me is how the position is related to the final payoff: the screwing! Sometimes you'll get me into a position where my arm is here, the other one is there, I've got seven layers of clothes covering my crotch and tits, and worst of all, my legs are so tightly tied together that it would take forever to get at me. And forever is usually time enough to lose the mood! Here's how I see it—the bondage itself, for me, isn't what's important...It's what the ropes do for my mood, my appetite. I've never sat at home and tied myself up just for fun, although I did masturbate while gagged a few times. It's that being tied down (I don't understand "tied up") allows me to go so crazy...biting, kicking, and screaming is so much more satisfying when it's restricted and muffled. I come so much harder, faster, and longer because it turns us both into the animals we really are. It's so uncivilized."

"I think there is also a time for the head trips...for the psychology of domination, but this isn't really for me. It's more for him. I don't need to be dominated, and I'm very secure with myself as a person, but I can get excited (a "contact high") by what excites him. It rubs off. And, of course, I think the men really need the photographs, so it's OK with me if I don't have to wait around too long for the warm and wet part."

"So, next time why don't you tie me down so you can get at me? I think that your readers will like the situation for more than just the bondage. They'll know that if they were in the room with us, all they'd need to do is snip my panties open with a pair of scissors (or rip them off if they like to be a little violent), and..."

So, OK, I did just that: She's securely fastened to the table, she can't put her legs together, she had something to bite on and scream through, and her breasts are even pushed up invitingly. All you have to do now is finish off Maria's last sentence: "and..."







HOT-BLOODED II

In this age of sequels I thought it would be appropriate to publish an update on Andrea Canelli, the horny heroine of an article in the last edition of *Bondage Apartment*. Her true-to-life transformation from haughty prick-teaser to servile temptress is complete. I'm told that she grovels for release through bondage several times a week lately....

Johnny and Andrea live nearby and we often get together with them after work for drinks or dinner or both—mostly an innocent friendship, with a common but seldom discussed bondage interest. One night a couple of weeks ago we got a bit plastered on too much sushi and hot sake, and we wanted to stop at my apartment on the way back for a quick nightcap. While it was obvious that Andrea was in a hurry to get home, Johnny assured her that they wouldn't stay long and she reluctantly agreed. I didn't realize it right away, but Andrea's haste was sparked by her need for erotic bondage.

We sat around laughing and nursing our drinks for thirty minutes or so before Andrea started fidgeting and whispering in Johnny's ear. I thought I'd try and smooth things out by standing up and saying something about how late it was.

"Listen Sean," Johnny interrupted. "We don't have to spoil our good time just because Andrea has an itch between her legs. We can tie her up right here and she can work it off while we party...what do you think?"

I looked back and forth between Andrea and my date, and getting nothing but smiles I responded enthusiastically. I headed for the closet to retrieve the box of bondage equipment that I kept there. When I returned, Andrea was waiting expectantly on the couch with her wrists already crossed behind her.

"She's kind of insane about this bondage bit lately, isn't she?" I asked incredulously.

"Yeah," Johnny replied. "She just can't seem to get enough. I had her spread-eagled and ball-gagged all last night, too."

With this Andrea uttered a squeal of protest, feeling neglected I suppose, and we got down to the business at hand. He started off slowly, taking the better part of five minutes just to bind her hands, only to cross the room and waste time fiddling with a cigarette when he had finished.

"Com'on Johnny!" she begged. "I'm not tied up yet! I can still stand up and walk around if I want to." She demonstrated for us.

"Just relax, honey. We've got plenty of time. I just want to give these guys a good show."

I heartily voiced my approval as Andrea sat back down and started twisting and pulling on her tightly bound wrists. Johnny crossed to the box and retrieved a long bundle of nylon rope.

"You asked for it..." He proceeded to wrap her carefully and lovingly, being sure to pull the rope tight at the completion of each turn. He then bound and cinched her legs at the knees and ankles and stepped back to pronounce her helpless.

"Do you mind if I add a touch or two of my own?" I asked carefully.

"No man, You go right ahead—she's ready for more anyway."



All I did was to add a medium-sized length of rope to her upper body. She had such great breasts that I wanted to increase their prominence. I wound it once above them, and crossed it between to add one circuit below. And then I brought it back up between her now conspicuous breasts to complete the cross-your-heart effect. She squealed and jumped back giggling when I tweaked both nipples.

"Now a gag...gag me!" She was a bit breathless and I noticed that she was working her knees back and forth in opposite directions.

"You've got a real ball of fire here, Johnny," I remarked.

"That's an understatement and a half," he replied. "Have you got a couple of scarves that I can shut her up with?"

"I just got some new silk ones the other day. Still in the box. I'll get them. But first why don't you show us those tied tits?"

He complied by pulling her dress open under the ropes. We all stopped to admire and kiss them...and she just ate it up.







He gagged her by folding a large scarf into a thick pad, packing it into her mouth, and wrapping a thinner scarf over it and tightly between her teeth. We spent the next few minutes watching her struggle and writhe...and come.

"Before you go why don't we dress her up in something else and put her into another position for a while?" I suggested.

We all looked over at Andrea in time to see her nod her head violently up and down. I guess she thought that she was good for one more orgasm...and we were happy to give it to her.











We found her some sheer panty hose and short cut-off jeans to show off her legs and a tight nylon cowli-necked shirt to display her other charms. In no time at all we had her breast-bound with her arms securely pinioned at her sides and her legs fastened Indian-style, pulled up onto the seat of the chair and attached to her body. Since she didn't have much struggling room, we also installed a small but powerful vibrator.

"Oooooo sweet Jesus!" she growled. "This thing is going to turn me into a quivering, stuttering mass of jelly. Please gag me before I start to scream!"







We did better than that. Johnny packed a scarf into her mouth while I ran to get a stretchy, double-ply spandex hood. Once we had this pulled tightly down around her neck we applied a harness-ball gag over the whole mess. The problem was that with the mouth packed so full we couldn't get the ball in very far. She reached her third shuddering climax as we tightened the strap as far as it would go.

So that was the last time I saw her. We're all going out to see a movie tomorrow night and from what Johnny tells me, we may just pull a repeat performance after we get home. Don't worry...I'll be sure to shoot some pictures.

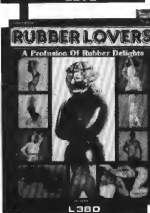
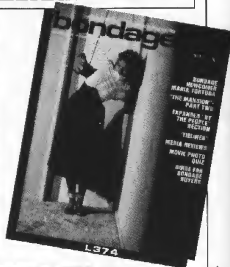
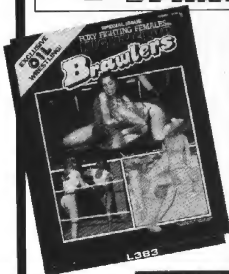






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HOOKER ON MY HOOK

I drove slowly, inconspicuously as I searched the south side of the boulevard for my quarry. She had to be just right - the perfect blend of vulnerability and beauty, a woman experienced in passion yet detached from the world. A woman whose will I could bend under my own.

I had to drive slowly, you see, because I needed to read the faces, to probe their souls for aimless isolation. I had to be sure, yet I knew that I could never be...that is, until I saw Ginger.

She was standing alone under the stark light of a single streetlamp. Bundled tightly into a fur-collared suede jacket which covered, but did nothing to hide, her female charms. As I slowed to pull in toward the curb, her dark brown eyes met mine and said what I had been waiting to hear...she was tired of making her own choices, weary from the weight of responsibility for herself, ready to give herself totally to another. And I made sure that it was going to be me.

"We both could use some warming up," I said as she settled into the seat beside me. "If you've got a little extra time, we could get a cup of coffee before we go to your motel."

Her unsteady gaze was shaded with confusion for a moment. As I had hoped, she was caught a bit off-guard. Her transactions didn't usually start like this.

"For fifty bucks an hour, we can do whatever you want," Her in-command act fell far short of the mark. Her voice croaked. The game was over before it even began.

I answered her with a short, cold stare and pulled the car out into traffic. We sat in silence for several minutes as I negotiated a few quick turns which brought us off the brightly lit street and into a quiet, darkened residential area.

"Where the f...!" I cut her off with a sudden stomp on the brakes and in one quick motion I grabbed a fistful of hair, jerked her head back opening her mouth, and stuffed a large woolen sock deep inbetween her teeth—forcing her tongue down and stifling all sound deep within her throat. I held this in place with one hand as I reached into my pocket for the second sock and a length of nylon rope. She struggled only slightly, still in shock I suppose, as I wound the sock between her teeth and over the one already in place. I crossed the ends behind her head and pulled hard. A shocked whimper just barely escaped from behind the thick wad of cloth. With this accomplished, I pushed her forward so that her chest was pressed tightly against her knees and wound several turns of rope around her flailing wrists. I relaxed slightly and allowed her to straighten up. She was mine and she knew it—the bite of nylon on her wrists and the heavy wad of packing in her mouth spoke all too clearly. Her eyes were wide with fright as her jaw worked in vain to expell the gag, muffled sounds her only reward. I could smell her heat and sense her anticipation as I slammed the car into gear and popped the clutch.

She was easy...as meek as a kitten as I helped her climb the back stairs. When I pushed her into the chair, she just kind of looked up at me as if to say, "Well? What now?". I was surprised that she was so compliant—she seemed alert, and I hadn't roughed her up much. It seemed as though all my careful planning had been worth it. She was obviously still a bit worried, but her curiosity had gotten the best of her. She waited expectantly for my next move.

"You don't have to fret, honey," I spoke softly as I opened her coat to expose her lace-confined breasts. "I'm not going to hurt you one bit." She twisted and moaned softly as I petted and cooed. "All I want to do is take care of you. We need each other. That's why I brought you here...to give you a home...to keep you warm." After a few minutes of this she had relaxed noticeably.

I know you're probably hot and cramped. And that your gag is very severe, but I want to keep you like that until I've had my say." She didn't flinch. "I know that you must think that this is all very wierd. And I can't blame you a bit. Just hear my offer: I'm offering a home, good food, a warm bed, two nice cats, and a lot of love. All I ask in return is complete obedience. Once our agreement is made, you will be free to come and go—mostly as you please—and you can even keep "working" if you like. Although I've got all the money you'd ever want. Just call me sir, agree to be my personal property, and I'll treat you as I would a queen. I'm going to remove your gag now. If you don't think you would be happy as my slave, just say so and I'll take you back to where I found you...no questions asked."

She moved her jaw from side to side slowly and swallowed a couple of times before answering.

"I need more than I already have," she said softly. "I agree to your terms...and...please call me Ginger...sir?"







That was several months ago. I bound her tightly and made love to her all night that first night. She told me later that she had come for the first time in years. We cleaned out her sleazy motel room the next day...and she never looked back. Her need for bondage discipline has increased day by day ever since. I'm sometimes amazed at how much she will take, yet keep asking for more. She has also started to bind me occasionally...I hadn't thought that I would enjoy it as much as I do, but our relationship is only fuller because of it. Bondage is a major part of our everyday lives, as well as our sex lives...and the bond grows ever stronger.















PENSIVE

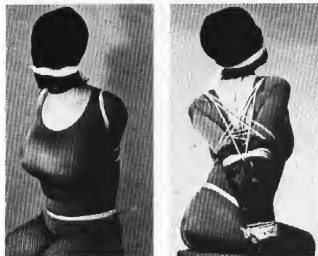
Sheena has that faraway look that comes from prolonged bondage. You see, I kept getting these important phone calls that night. She was getting kind of pissed off at me, but, like I told her, there just wasn't anything that I could do about it. I finally had to gag her real good because she kept interrupting me. I told her that lots of people have been hogtied for longer than an hour... I said that it could be alot worse. She's coming over next week to find out how.





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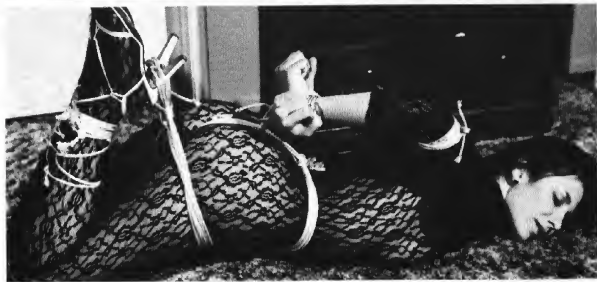
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Aaaaahh!



Take a good look at Nina's face in this first photo. Then look at how her bound wrists are secured to her body. And notice the upward tension in her wrists and arms. Now I ask you: Did I chose an apt title for this piece? Can you imagine the sound that she was making as I released the shutter on this one? While it's true that there is nothing finer in this world than a tight, mouth-filling, sound-stifling gag; it is also true that every once in a while

it pays to leave her un-gagged. How else could you fully appreciate that surprised, yet supremely satisfied moan of pleasure as she tugs on her crotch-rape?

Sometimes it's difficult to get the models to roll, writhe, and wriggle just the way you want them to. The solution? An outfit that makes them feel as sexy as they look, bondage that's tight yet not too severe, a carpeted floor or bed, and a well-placed rope that will rub, caress, embrace, massage, stroke, prod, fondle, pet, and otherwise excite

the tendermost area of her body. I hadn't thought that Nina was particularly kinky until I tried this little number on her. But after five minutes of struggling against this bondage embrace, her face was flushed and her thighs were moist from the effort. She shivered a bit and looked embarrassed as I slid the damp rope from under her bound legs...I reassured her by saying that it had happened many times before











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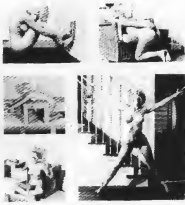
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